THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Volume 6 DECEMBER, 1931 *Number 2*

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Christmas Greeting

To you, the members of the Riverside congregation, and to you also, the ever enlarging fellowship acquainted with us through the pages of the Church Monthly, your ministers and the members of your staff extend hearty and grateful Christmas greeting.

In a difficult time when many suffer, the most satisfying joy is found in service, and you have made that possible to us. We are deeply thankful. Not so much in private comforts as in the Gift which came to earth long ago and in the gifts which His spirit can through us bring to the earth again, does the happiness of the Christmas season lie. May it overflow in all of us and this year and every year make of this church a genuinely Christian brotherhood!

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The Meaning of the Incarnation

By DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

IN speaking on the meaning of the incarnation one recognizes that to some the very word may sound forbidding. It suggests theological discussion. Quite proper, they may be saying, to preach on the incarnation on Christmas Sunday morning. Thousands of ministers do it. But we wish the day might have been saved for beauty instead. Christmas is a garden to be appreciated in poetry, not trampled in debate. It suggests childhood, family life, friendship, and goodwill. Its skies should still be filled with singing angels. Save your discussion of the incarnation for another day.

If this were said, it would indicate what tragedies can happen to words. They, too, like people, can have their reputations blasted. Alas, that the idea of incarnation, which at first was something to sing about, should thus grow inhuman, when as a matter of fact the most lovely and convincing influences of our lives are incarnations!

Would the preacher do well, for example, to spend time on praise of courage in the abstract? Should I endeavor to whip up your emotion about the grandeur of courage in the abstract you would be bored before the first paragraph was finished. If, however, I should say that I know a girl, seventeen years old, who last June graduated from a neighboring school, ready for college and very eager to go, that she faced instead an illness which kept her from college this last fall; that having hoped she might join her friends on her chosen campus at the midyear time, she has instead been looking into the eyes of death, never whimpering, sustaining those around her by her cheer and saying once, when they wondered that she did not break under the strain, "Do not worry; I am not that kind of person"; and that, at last, she has taken for her Christmas gift not college but death —well, you see, you are listening! That is not courage in the abstract, but courage embodied. She was an incarnation of it. So the most persuasive things in human life are incarnations.

Let us on this Sunday morning before Christmas deal with the Master in terms as real as that. Why is it that the world keeps Christmas, that we date our calendars from his coming, that even we, with modern, sophisticated minds, bow above the babe of Bethlehem to hear the ideal angels singing, if not this, that he was an incarnation—not in theory, but in vital fact—an incarnation of those spiritual verities without which life is never life at all?

Remember how the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews put this matter in his second chapter. He had been talking about a promise in an ancient psalm that God would bring all things beneath the feet of man, but looking out upon the Graeco-Roman world, so like our own in its confusion, he saw that not yet had that promise been fulfilled. Not yet had man's spiritual life found dominion in the world, nor was there any abstract argument that could prove the possibility of it. You cannot prove possibilities with abstract arguments; it is personalities who keep our faith alive, incarnations in whom we see our ideals already embodied. So, as Dr. Moffatt translates

this verse from the letter to the Hebrews, "As it is, we do not yet see all things controlled by man; what we do see is Jesus."

To be sure, there is bound to be a type of mind which will endeavor to evade the force of that. This is no intellectually satisfying statement, they will say—substituting a personal incarnation for a reasoned argument. Nevertheless, look at it carefully and see. The realm where we modern people, for example, have been most concerned in mastering the world is science. There we have tried to bring universal forces under man's dominion, and there, too, the first part of our text applies. As it is, we do not yet see all things controlled by man. Now, in the realm of science abstract argument does not go far with most of us. There never was an age in history when so many people used so many things they could not understand. I use the radio but I do not understand it. I use electric lights but I cannot explain them. I use automobiles but even the principle of a gasoline engine is obscure to me. If, therefore, you should try by argument alone to prove the possibility of man's pushing out the frontiers of his scientific mastery, I would see little and apprehend less. But I am absolutely assured that man will push further out the frontiers of his knowledge and control: it is the incarnations that convince me. As it is, we do not yet see all things controlled by man; what we do see is Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and Einstein: What we do see is Edison, Pasteur, Morse, and Alexander Bell. What we do see is the incarnation of that kind of man who can push out the frontiers of our knowledge and dominion. From Dr. Banting and Dr. Best finding a remedy for diabetes to Lindbergh in his airplane, it is the incarnations that keep alive our faith in science.

As one would naturally suppose, this principle is even more obvious in its operation in personal relationships. Here is a man, let us suppose, who no longer believes in friendship. He is cynical and disillusioned. He trusts no man any more. The more I see man, he says, the better I like dogs. As for the hope that the whole world can sometime be made friendly, he laughs at that. Will an argument convince that man? Try it on him! Exhaust your disputational wit and ingenuity on his disillusionment and see how vain it is! Nothing will do him much good except incarnations. If he had come from the kind of home that some of us came from and had the kind of friends that some of us have now, he could not be cynical. For some of us have known four generations of family life, our grandparents' home, our parents' home, our own home, and our childrens', and we never have been let down by any one within them. Moreover, at this Christmas season our sensitive appreciation runs out to that wider circle concerning whom we feel, like Emerson:

> The fountains of my hidden life
> Are through thy friendship fair.

As it is, we do not yet see all of life brought under the control of friendship—far from it! What we do see is our friends.

A principle that operates in so many realms operates in religion. The strongest argument for the religious life is not an argument at all but personalities in whom the religious life is beautiful.

This last week we laid to rest my friend George Alexander, eighty-seven years old when he fell asleep, and for over two generations a minister of Christ in this city. Amid the dust and turmoil, the busy enterprise, the hope and misery of this glorious, wretched town, he stood for fifty years a tower of strength and an angel of light. He was an incarnation of that text in the New Testament, "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." Vigorous, humorous, courageous, no man's fool in any enterprise he undertook, he was also serene, radiant, beautiful with that mysterious reference in his life that always made one think, on meeting him, of the hills from which his help had come.

We argue about religion too much. We analyze and debate it; we discuss and define it; but the proof of it lies in its incarnations. So long as religious faith can produce that quality of living, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. On this Christmas Sunday morning I wanted to do for our thinking this simple and yet, I hope, profound service—bring our thoughts back from all these theological elaborations and accumulated ecclesiasticisms that Christianity has so largely become, to its vital origin, the fountain of its beauty and its power, a personality in whom spiritual life was glorious.

For that is what Christmas is about. It is a festival of joy about a personality, and if we will take that incarnation as simply and vitally as we take these partial incarnations of loveliness in our friends, there is nothing that we Christians could much better do than to keep Christmas.

That we may feel this vitally, consider the two major ministries which this truth should render to our lives today. First, it should give us an undergirding steadiness amid prevalent confusion. For while opinions and institutions continually change and circumstances rearrange themselves until the whole world seems to turn like a huge kaleidoscope, the incarnations of spiritual life keep their glory. All things pass away; beauty abides. Whatever is beautiful the world will not willingly give up. Though it be as ancient as Phidias we will keep it if we can. Though it reside in the spirit of Ruth pledging her loyalty to Naomi on the road to Bethlehem, we love it still amid our new environments. It is the incarnations of spiritual beauty which shine like lighthouses amid tossing waves and shifting tides.

This letter to the Hebrews says about Christ: "the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." How can that be? Obviously there are some senses in which it cannot be true. One cannot say "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever" in outward custom because, clearly, were he living now his life would differ in many points of convention from his life in Galilee. One cannot say "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever" in intellectual opinions because obviously a mind so far ahead of his own time would be at least abreast of ours and would have other thoughts than he held in old-time Palestine. What, then, can it mean: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and for ever"?

Well, have we never had a friend concerning whom we felt sure that, put him anywhere, any time, he would be that same kind of person? That is the glory of dependable character, and it is about the steadiest thing we know. When some of these modern writers, therefore, talk about Jesus as outgrown, an interesting historical personage imprisoned in his own generation but not significant for ours, I am sure they have missed the point. So far from being outgrown, that kind of character is the deepest need of our modern world, and we cannot achieve it by whistling for it or by arguing about it. Life is kindled from life as is fire from fire. It is the personal incarnations that we need. Such character is set aflame by kindling souls, and Christ has so kindled multitudes. He is not outgrown. On the contrary, imagine him anywhere at any time and he would always be that same kind of person. He would be the kind of person who could tell the story of the Good Samaritan and live it, tell the story of the Prodigal Son and live that in the spirit of the Father, speak the Beatitudes and practise them. He would be the kind of person who would reverence personality wherever he saw it, live triumphantly no matter what environments beset him, die on any cross that any generation nailed him to rather than be false, and, though seemingly outwardly defeated, go to the Eternal

> . . . as if some fair city were one voice
> Around a king returning from his wars.

He would be that kind of person. And to live with that kind of person, using the

mysterious power whereby we control our inward spiritual fellowships, until living with him within we grow like him—that is the secret of Christian character. We would better keep the birthday of Christ. He is our great assurance. He is our spiritual ideal made fact.

Especially in a confused time such as we all are living in now, a man finds steadiness and assurance not so much from arguments as from incarnations. Take the family question, for example. What a babel of tongues rises around marriage! What conflicting schools of thought and clashes of controversy! Now, some of us can argue in that realm and we think we ought to argue, keeping our minds open hospitably to consider every new possibility in family life. Nevertheless, we are not unsteady in our ideals of the home. There never can be a substitute for monogamy. Nothing can take the place of a man and a woman who love each other so much that they do not care to love anybody else in the same way at all, and who rear their children in a home whose basic loves and loyalties are as dependable as the orbits of the planets. There never can be a substitute for that kind of home. And if you ask us how we know, we are not dubious in answering you. We have seen the incarnations of it. We have watched that kind of relationship lived out at its best, and we know against all problematical argument that anything else is a poor second-best, a caricature of the real thing. The loveliest things in human life have come, like the Babe of Bethlehem, from a holy family, and what we need just now is not more arguments for monogamy but more incarnations of it that give it persuasive and beautiful exhibition.

So, too, in the interior realm of a man's spiritual life, it is not so much in arguments as in incarnations that we find our steadiness. For years I have been a teacher in a theological seminary. I have lived amid clashing schools of thought. I have seen the storms of controversy rise and pass away. I am at home in the debates of theologians and philosophers. But if you ask me on this Christmas Sunday morning where the deep centers of religious assurance are, I know the answer. I believe in Jesus Christ and in some people I have known who caught his spirit. There is no substitute for that kind of living. Nothing can ever take the place of that quality of character. Atheism will rise and storm and break itself to pieces, not so much against our arguments as against that kind of person which atheism never can produce. Irreligion will lift a proud head but will be humbled, not so much because we debate against it as because mankind will ever more turn back to that quality of faith and character without which life is never really life at all. We had best keep Christmas! It is a festival of joy about the most precious possession of the race, a glorious personality.

In the second place, this truth ought to bring us at this Christmas time, not simply undergirding steadiness amid confusion, but stimulus to lead the good life in an ethically bewildered day. For what is it that personalities of the highest type do for us if not this? They make the good life attractive. That is about the most important service in the world—to make goodness alluring. There are agencies enough to make evil attractive. The strategy of evil always has been to clothe itself in charm. "Even Satan," says Paul, "fashioneth himself into an angel of light." Indeed, he does! He takes war, one of the ugliest activities of man, and dresses it in gorgeous garments, in martial music, flags and uniforms, and the measured tread of marching men. He even throws about it the glamour of an exalted patriotism and disguises it as sacrifice for spiritual ends. He takes drunkenness and dresses it in the clink of glasses, the lilt of song, the ripple of laughter, and the abandon of the senses. He takes sensuality and disguises its ugliness, not only in external allurement but in charming people who rationalize it into

beautiful self-expression, until it woos us like an angel of light.

Men are not argued into badness. They fall in love with badness because it dresses itself attractively. No beauty parlor on earth can work such transformations as evil does when it has its way with sin. Now, nowhere is this so beguilingly accomplished as when sin becomes incarnate in a person. Evil in the abstract is not alluring to any one of us. Drunkenness, debauchery, dishonesty — such things in the abstract have no charm. Leave them bare abstractions with their ugly names and it is easy to hate them. But clothe them in personalities, let them get hands, feet, eyes, lips, let the Word of Evil be made flesh and dwell among us so that it shines in the faces and calls to us in the voices of our friends and how irresistible it can become! Sin conquers the world through its charming incarnations.

Argument is of no avail against that. Alas! how many of us have tried and found out! A youth captivated by a charming incarnation of evil is armored against argument. There is no way to beat charming incarnations of evil except with charming incarnations of good. This moral struggle that we are in the thick of now—as critical a moral struggle as any country ever faced at any time—is not going to be finally settled by debate but by personal incarnations. Can we get persons enough who make the good life alluring to win the world away from those persons who make evil alluring?

No statement of the situation is adequate that leaves this central matter out. All good psychiatry tells us that man is not driven primarily by his wit but by his emotions. He is swayed by what he falls in love with, and he does not fall in love with abstractions. No man loves badness. No man loves goodness. We fall in love with the incarnations of them. What we need, then, is more living persons who will make the good life beautiful.

The deepest difference, I think, between people lies in the fact that some make it easy for all who know them to be at their best and some make it hard. May God search the consciences of some of us by that truth! The most ruinous thing that ever comes on earth is a personality with charm who makes badness attractive.

Here is a basic reason for keeping the birthday of Jesus. Jesus is a personality with whom it has been easy to fall in love. Across the generations, man at his best has found it hard not to fall in love with him. You would better not get too close to him if you do not wish to be fascinated. He has a way with him, my friends. A charm is there that often haunts people who do not wish to be haunted. It is difficult to forget him when you once have seen him, and he is easy to love. Christianity is not primarily a theology. If it had been, it would have been dead long ago. Men do not fall in love with a theology. Christianity is not primarily an organization. Had it been, it would have died long since. Men do not fall in love with an organization. Christianity is a personal life. Alas, that the Church has so often forgotten that! She has written formal creeds and said, That is Christianity. She has built powerful organizations and said, That is Christianity. She has fabricated magical sacraments and said, That is Christianity. But always in the end, such things have become like houses without homes in them, like wells without water, like bodies without souls. They wear the forms of life without life. And then, in some sterile and barren generation some one has arisen wanting life, hungry for life, who has caught sight of Christ again and fallen in love with him, and all the way from some St. Francis of Assisi to some Sir Wilfred Grenfell, persons have arisen concerning whom the whole world knew that, no matter what church they belonged to or what special theology they professed, that faith they had within themselves had been lighted like a fire at his

(*Continued on page* 301)

DETAIL FROM THE CHILDREN'S WINDOW
EAST AISLE OF NAVE

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL GOD, before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. We, Thy transient children upon this earth, would set our lives against the background of Thine everlastingness, there to learn humility and quietude, peace and power.

Grant us insight, intuition, and vision that we may behold things seen temporal and things unseen eternal, for we need peace. The fretfulness of much busyness irritates our lives. The world is too much with us. We need serenity, tranquillity and inward rest. O God, throw Thy greatness about us and round our restlessness Thy rest.

We come to Thee at the year's passing with our thanksgiving. For all that crowns life with beauty and blessedness we are grateful. Quicken our hearts to the remembrance of the benedictions of family and friends, great music, great art, great books, the heritage of priceless opportunity from behind us, and in our hands the enjoyment of present blessings. If we have come here cynical or thoughtless, send us out glad and grateful.

We bring to Thee our penitence. For evil done we have often tried, in Thy presence and before the judgment seat of our own souls, to make excuse. Today we would make honest confession. We have filled other lives with our smoke when they might have been sun-clear. We have made days unhappy that might have been glad. We have laid burdens upon other backs that might have walked upright. We have made it hard for others to live at their best. O God, grant us this day such sincerity in penitence and such effectual desire for restitution that through the wicket gate of another year we may pass forgiven and empowered.

We bring to Thee our care for the New Year and its manifold interests. Having in our hands the priceless opportunity of building here for our children and their children after them a more decent, humane, and brotherly world, we seek fresh faith and courage for the task. Often our hearts are cast down within us. Life is full of mystery. We look out across it as across a stormy ocean where clouds lie thick and billows rise high. If we have grown cynical and disillusioned, undergird us with fresh confidence for life's high enterprise, that praying here we may grow more confident of Thee and going out may bravely build a world more worthy of Thy family. We beseech Thee for all soldiers of the common good who work amid difficult and desolate places in the world today, for physicians who heal the sick, for teachers in our schools, for servants of the social need in days of poverty and unemployment, for all who work for justice in the land, for all who sit in places of government, for all teachers and preachers of religion, and for the whole body of the commonwealth, that true piety and high character may flourish among us and that we may not fail Thee or our generation.

These things we ask in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

The Carillon on the Air

A NATION-WIDE circulation of the Church Monthly, a constant demand for the sermons of Dr. Fosdick in pamphlet form from all quarters of the world, a stream of visitors from near and far at the Sunday services, a daily procession of tourists who come to see the building; by these means and through these groups of widely scattered friends the ministry of The Riverside Church is projected far beyond our immediate community. Up until the present, however, we have not been able to send out the music of the carillon beyond the radius of about a half mile, at which distance it is heard under ordinary wind conditions. To be sure there was one recital given last winter during a storm of hurricane proportions which was broadcast by the elements after their own whimsical fashion. The tones of the bells were heard only intermittently and unsatisfactorily at any of the points nearby which are usually most favored by listeners, such as the lower footpaths in Riverside Park, but in Edgewater, N. J., the recital was heard distinctly and pleasantly. By some freak of a playful gale the melodies were carried across the Hudson and dropped down for that one time upon our New Jersey neighbors.

Now we are to have the experience of broadcasting the carillon through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company and a network of stations stretching from coast to coast. Not for more than six years have the carillon programs been broadcast over the air. We greatly appreciate the opportunity of sending our Christmas and New Year's greetings to friends of music across the country who will be listening on Christmas Day at 10:45 A. M. and on New Year's Eve at 11:55 P. M. for the programs of Mr. Kamiel Lefévere, the Carillonneur of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Carillon.

Special Holiday Recitals

Christmas Eve, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1931, 7:00 *P. M.*

Adeste Fidelis, *Portuguese Hymn.*

Entend ma voix fidele, *Jean de Brebeuf, Canada,* 1648.

Daar is een Kindeken geboren, *Joris DeBom, Flemish.*

Il est ne le Divin Enfant, *Ancient French Carol.*

Een Seraphinsche Tonghe, *Old Flemish Carol.*

I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In, *Ancient and New Version.*

Noël, *Christmas Song.*

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen, *Ancient Version.*

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices? *C. H. Purday.*

Silent Night, Holy Night, *Franz Grüber,* 1818.

Christmas Day, Friday, Dec. 25, 1931, 10:30 *A. M.*

Broadcast from coast to coast at 10:45, *and possibly by short wave around the world.*

Adeste Fidelis, *Portuguese Hymn.*

Noël, *Christmas Song.*

Silent Night, Holy Night, *Franz Grüber,* 1818.

We Three Kings of Orient Are, *E. W. Kellogg,* 1862.

The Holly and the Ivy, *Old English Carol.*

O Little Town of Bethlehem, *Lewis H. Redner,* 1868.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, *Arr. from Mendelssohn,* 1850.

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear, *Richard S. Willis,* 1850.

I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In, *Ancient and New Version.*

New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, 1931,
11:55 *P. M.*

To be broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company.

Abide With Me, *William H. Monk*
The Last Rose of Summer, *Moore*
Ave Maria, *Schubert*
Marcia Funebra, *Chopin*

Midnight

Striking Twelve on the Bourdon
Hail, Columbia! *Hopkinson*
Spring Song, *Rubinstein*
Sweet Memories, *K. Lefévere*
The Bells of St. Mary's, *Adams*

New Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1932,
3:00 *P. M.*

North Sea, *Hullebroeck.*
Madrigal, *Flegier.*
Kashmiri Song, from Indian Love Lyrics, *Amy Woodforde-Finden.*
Hymns:
Ring Out, Wild Bells, *H. Lahee.*
Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings, *James Nares.*
Adieu, *Schubert.*
The Bird and the Rose, *Horrocks.*
Intermezzo, from Cavalleria Rusticana, *Mascagni.*
Song of Songs, *Moya.*

▽

The Nativity in the illustration opposite the sermon accompanying the Christmas Message in this issue, is "The Nativity" as pictured in sculptured stone on the lintel over the Chapel door of the Riverside Church.

▽

New Year—New Life

The Riverside Guild plans for January a program of one musical service and four worship services, the theme of these centering around the idea that each new year brings a new urge to reconstruct one's life. That this urge is universally recurrent through the ages is shown in part by Omar Khayyam's plaint:

"Ah Love, could thou and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire!"

The schedule for the month proceeds in this order:

January 3rd
The Samuelson Singers, two choirs specializing in sacred music.

January 10th
"Upstream," a play showing the values that come from the present economic crisis.

January 17th
"Experience," a modern morality play in which Youth is led by Experience into many pitfalls, and learns from his mistakes how to order his life. This is an exchange play, to be presented by young people from the Broadway Temple.

January 24th
"What Men Live By," a dramatization of Tolstoi's story of the life made beautiful by love in daily contacts.

January 31st
The Trial Scene from Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," in which the maiden rallies her people to a realization of their duty to reconstruct the life of the nation to the betterment of the individual.

These services are presented by The Riverside Guild in the Assembly Hall of the church at 7:30 p. m. on Sunday evenings. The public is cordially invited.

Photograph by Frank Ehrenford

HANDBOOK OF THE INSTITUTION AND ITS BUILDING

This new publication has just come from the press. It deals with the institution and its program, the building, its architecture and symbolism. It is a book of 127 pages, including 59 reproductions of photographs that have been recently made. In make-up and typography the book is one which you will wish to have in your possession and keep as a souvenir of the church. It sells for $1.00 a copy plus postage of eight cents, if you ask to have it mailed.

The Latchstring

IN this column it is our privilege to introduce to the readers of THE MONTHLY some of the men and women of interest whom we meet in the course of our work at The Riverside Church.

This last month we had one day in which 140 of the leading clergymen of New York City were gathered here to do honor to Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, a former pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. It was a pleasure to hear the men, gathered round that table, one after another refer to the influence that Dr. Parkhurst had had on their lives as ministers, the delight with which they had seen him flaying the wicked in the days of his great power and strength in this city, and expressing their respect and admiration for his courage and ability as a Christian crusader in the city of New York.

Dr. Parkhurst himself was not present except in the projection of his spirit through the enthusiastic words of his friends, his own inimitable letter, which is published herewith, and in the very striking portrait which was unveiled at the luncheon.

We are indebted to Rev. Walter Laidlaw, Secretary of the Clergy Association of New York and Neighborhood, under whose auspices the luncheon was held, for the following story of the occasion:

The Eighth Beatitude has never been over-popular. Most lovers of the Fourth want the righteousness for which they hunger and thirst quite comfortably served up to them. Persecution for righteousness' sake is an experience avoided even by many hymning their glory in the Cross. The Cross is so decorative on their bosoms that it is dismissed from their backs. Charles H. Parkhurst, whose words, under the alchemy of his protestant anger a generation ago, became piercing swords, has lived to be loved for his pragmatic assent to that Eighth Beatitude. He evidently believed then, as he yet believes, that the right-producing beatitude, a ten-liner of the Sermon on the Mount, is at least five-sevenths as important for the Church militant as the other seven two-liners. Even his own profession received him not when he was extolling, not the meekness of the Third, nor the purity of the Fourth, nor the pacifism of the Seventh, but the sword-out-of-the-scabbard and the charge-on-the-enemy of the Eighth. But he has lived to sound the note, "Oh, watch and *fight* and pray," to a new generation facing the same old foe.

The Clergy Association of New York and Neighborhood had him as its absentee guest in the Assembly Hall of The Riverside Church on Monday, December 14, 1931. A superb oil of the guest by Paul King, A.N.A., painted, in leisurely sittings, at the Lake Placid Club, was unveiled by the artist, transferred to the ownership of the Association, and accepted, for permanent placement in its suite of rooms at Madison Avenue and 38th Street, by Dr. Henry Evertson Cobb, Senior Minister of the Collegiate Church, a director of the Association.

Over half of the 140 clergy present at the luncheon, when ordering their covers, joined in the cooperative acquirement of the picture. The Association already has on its walls an oil of Meletios, "Pope and Patriarch" of Alexandria, Egypt, whose excoriation of the atrocities perpetrated on the Greeks of Asia Minor, with the cognizance of the Turkish authorities, during and after the Great War, cost him the Ecumenical Patriarchate of the Eastern Orthodox Church, and led to his banish-

THE REV. CHARLES HENRY PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D.

Oil Painting by Paul King, unveiled at a luncheon held in honor of Dr. Parkhurst, by The Clergy Association of New York and Neighborhood, at the Riverside Church on Monday, Dec. 14, 1931.

ment from Constantinople to the solitudes of Mount Athos. Dr. Parkhurst is therefore hung with a hero whom Mustapha Kemal dared not hang. Meletios was the guest of the Association just before his elevation to the Ecumenical's throne, and then declared that the Eastern Church would affiliate itself in all practical ways with the Evangelical churches of the West, rather than with the Vatican. As an ardent supporter of the Evangelical Alliance, now superseded by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, Dr. Parkhurst is thus again in congenial company.

Dr. Parkhurst was not expected to be present personally, but was invited to send a message, and his words, though few, were as forcible as a philippic and humorously happy in their phrasing. Few living men could put so much into less than two hundred words, and his summons to his professional brethren sank deeply into all our souls.

"My friends:

"I feel that this is an unusual occasion. I understand that you plan first to unveil me and then to hang me. It hardly seems right for me not to be around at such an intimate ceremony. The least I can do is

to appear by proxy, so I send you this affectionate greeting.

"Seriously, there are not enough unveilings or enough hangings in New York City. The whole world knows that our politicians have degraded the word corruption, but we need chapter, verse, and telephone numbers to prove it. There are charges aplenty, but not enough of the kind that go in cannon. Our moral powder only makes a pretty bonfire unless we ram it down a pointed muzzle before igniting it.

"When shall our corrupt city put on incorruption? When all of you, my dear friends, decide with your whole souls that it shall do so; when you fight the good fight with first names and last addresses of evildoers. Never despair about anything but the meal in your own mouths which feeds the enemy. Unveil him, unmask him, and you have as good as hanged him.

CHARLES H. PARKHURST."

Dr. Parkhurst's self-limitation to two hundred words was matched by a rule that reminded the subsequent speakers that the sands of their time were sinking at two hundred fifty, and, consequently, mayhap, there were many memorabilia.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, a former Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., sent word that he had fifty years ago that day married a wife and therefore could not come; but gaily sent a greeting to his "youthful friend" in Atlantic City and joined heartily in the honor paid him for his "noble service as a minister of Jesus Christ in New York City."

Dr. Cobb, before reading Dr. Parkhurst's message, quoted him as feeling himself "the loneliest man in New York" in the dark days preceding the success of his crusade, and related that he came up to a Men's Club meeting in his church one night in a closed cab, with the armed guard who habitually accompanied him to protect him from the desperadoes he was denouncing. Dr. Cobb revealed also that Dr. Parkhurst's heart is greatly saddened by the city's reversion to type in this very hour; and that he longs for the emergence of leaders to match the time. In a happy speech Dr. Fosdick reemphasized this by declaring that Dr. Parkhurst would find the greatest compliment of the occasion in the creation through it, if so it might be, of a high resolve that he shall not have done his work in vain.

Rabbi Lyons, speaking for his race and religion, said:

"In honoring with you the great spiritual seer whom we have assembled to honor, I envisage one who has a Hebraic spirit. I could not find a finer indication of the Hebraic spirit than in the fact that in his loneliness he chose, first as his secretary and then as the second and last intimate companion of his life, a flower of the Jewish faith, a Miss Marx. It is inspiring to me to know that such a distinguished Christian can find blossoming the flower of love, and it is a manifestation of both the Old and New Testament. It is a prophecy that the day will come soon when you Christians and we Jews will come to our senses.

"Dr. Parkhurst was a veritable prophet. When I recall that campaign of his against corruption in New York City I see from one standpoint the prophet Nathan who said: 'Thou art the man,' and then I find again in his magnificent moral magnitude a recollection of the spirit of his Master who scourged the money-changers from a degraded Temple. We should honor such a man because we need today the spirit of prophecy. The pulpit has been turned, in many cases, into a stage. Instead of prophecy we have complimentary entertainment and pleasantry and pastime. We need prophecy in our pulpit today and in our life. Our time should be devoted to *prophets* and not to *profits*. I pray God that the spirit of this man may be reflected in us. We should honor him not only through his picture but in ourselves.

"God grant that we have many like this man, and that this country be blest with many of his spirit."

Dr. Samuel Trexler, President of the New York United Lutheran Synod, with twenty members of Koinonia, the oldest Lutheran club of clergymen in the city, present to hear him after holding their monthly meeting in the Tower, said:

"It was sundry years ago that my father gave me $25 to come to New York and spend on my twenty-first birthday. I was then a student. I spent four days here, buying a number of books, but the great outstanding moment of my entire four days was the first thing I did. I came on the Jersey Central Railroad from Philadelphia and came across the 23rd Street Ferry to Madison Square and there went into the church which I had long hoped to enter to hear Dr. Parkhurst. He was then the outstanding pastor of New York. I went into the church just before the sermon. When the sermon began, the lights were lowered, all with the exception of the lights in the centre, and there stood Dr. Parkhurst, looking very much as he does in our portrait. He preached a sermon which I shall never forget. He preached a sermon showing how Adam had gone down, how Noah had gone down and how David had gone down, and showed how the whole world would go down but for the salvation of the Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. It was a marvelous sermon and I have quoted it many times, and hope to do so many times more." Dr. Trexler proved that Dr. Parkhurst helped, in ways he knew not of, to produce sermons.

Then came Dr. Alexander MacColl, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, to prove that the preacher of Madison Square produced preachers, unbeknownst, as New England says, for Dr. McColl has never spoken with Dr. Parkhurst personally. It must be a great satisfaction to Dr. Parkhurst to learn that he was an influence in leading into the ministry a man who can speak thuswise:

"I am glad to have opportunity to say a word of personal indebtedness to Dr. Parkhurst. As a young newspaper man, struggling for an intellectual and moral foothold in this city, over forty years ago, I used to drift on Sunday morning into the Madison Square Church, then crowded to the doors. I never did so without having strongly renewed an impulse which had first come to me as a boy in Scotland to enter the Christian ministry. The devotional spirit of the services and the courageous sincerity of the preacher were an unforgettable influence which for me proved decisive.

"Our great cities have many reformers in the pulpit and out of it. But many of us, I fear, have not learned the lesson which Dr. Parkhurst's work so clearly taught, that verbal thunderbolts, based on second-hand evidence, are quite ineffective and do not trouble the criminal in the least. Dr. Parkhurst was always thoroughly informed and the facts which he brought to public notice were unassailable in a court of law."

Dr. Fosdick, pastor of the Riverside Church, had been detained downtown so that he could not be here for the early part of the meeting. He came in after the luncheon, however, and added his word of appreciation of Dr. Parkhurst. He said in part: "I regard Dr. Parkhurst as my personal friend and a revered leader. How well I recall the one occasion on which I had the privilege of hearing him preach. What an extraordinary power he had. He stood in his box pulpit with his full beard and large glasses looking like an old-fashioned Jewish Rabbi. He buried his nose in his manuscript, and, in fact, did everything a speaker ought not to do if he would sway his audience, yet with all this peculiar aspect of ancient days, within the first two or three sentences he gathered up that audience and held us spellbound. We honor him for his capacity to lose himself in a task. I know he would take it as the highest compliment if something of his spirit could descend on us in this day to correspond with what he did in his day."

A Portrait in the Making

QUITE by chance a little girl once described the whole genius of being a Christian. She had been busy with her pencil so long—silent, absorbed, intent—that her mother asked her curiously what she was doing.

"Oh, just drawing a picture of God."

"But, my dear," her mother gasped, "nobody knows what God looks like."

"Well, they'll know when I get through!"

Even Emerson did not improve on her naiveté when he wrote:

> Nor knowest thou what argument
> Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

For the fact remains that the face of every Christian in the world, to somebody or other, at some little-suspected moment, has been looked to for all the goodness, all the strength, all the loveliness, all the radiant charm of the Christ, incarnated. . . .

It is this power at work among men and women today (whether the faces be brown or white, black or yellow) which the Woman's Society plans to present in a program, "A Portrait in the Making," on Monday morning, January 4, at 10:30 o'clock.

For it is always to be remembered that there is an artist latent in everyone, waiting to be set to work. Any who doubt it are referred to the story of the Flemish blacksmith named Quentin Matsys. The blacksmith fell in love with a painter's daughter. But the painter had vowed a vow that none but a distinguished painter should marry the girl. Therefore, it was Quentin Matsys' cue to fade quietly from the scene; or—

He left the anvil and the forge. He took up the palette and the brush. The hours of struggle were worth it: he married the girl he loved. And today, four centuries later—all the world still stops in Antwerp to gaze in awe at his "Descent from the Cross" in the Cathedral, or in Windsor Castle to see his "Two Misers." Blacksmith into artist is the story we would tell you anew—criminal into Christian, savage into saint. With portraits on the walls of time.

(M. T. A.—for the Woman's Society)

▽

We would salute colorful Gus Peterson, coach of the Columbia Wrestling Team! For the after-dinner entertainment of some 140 Intercollegiate Young Alumni, guests of the Men's Class, and from a friendly desire to further the interplay of Church and campus, he brought over a squad of his varsity team candidates on College Men's Night, November 24, staging three bouts in the Gym. The response to this exhibition was instant and enthusiastic. Let it be stated that when the events on the evening's program following Dr. Fosdick's address were discussed, only passing interest was anticipated for the wrestling amid all the other scheduled attractions. A tour of the building was justly expected to be the center of interest. Then came the bouts, which taxed the gymnasium's accommodations for the first time. All three contests were keen and a novelty in the church, but the magnet which drew class members and college guests alike from other rooms was a coatless figure in constant motion around the mat, coaching, refereeing and lecturing. Powerfully built, genial, rough and ready, scarred by many an encounter, possessed of showmanship and a keen comprehension of what was needed to entertain the crowd, Gus Peterson kept both the wrestlers and spectators in high humor throughout, which makes it easy to understand his popularity with Columbia students and athletic teams, and our desire to see more of him and to expose ourselves to his infectious good nature.

The Growth of a Church Library

IN the early plans for our new church building, there was a whole floor reserved for a library. As the more immediate needs of our expanding program made themselves felt, the plans for a library were indefinitely postponed.

The need for books in the programs of several groups had to be met, however. A Parents' Class Library began to develop rapidly even while all activities of the church were restricted to the Cloister and Assembly Hall floors. The class bought a book truck and its library traveled with the class on Sunday and through all its weekday meetings.

The informal curriculum of the Church School made little use of text-books but created a correspondingly greater demand for a variety of books which had to be available for use in the classes, in teachers' conferences and in preparation of lessons.

The Riverside Guild had inherited a library from its predecessor, the Young People's Society. It was hidden away in a closet, of almost no use to anybody. Interest in having a Guild Library began to develop.

Up on the twentieth floor the Men's Class was getting together a good collection of books and subscribing to a number of magazines of general interest.

The books assembled by these groups resembled each other greatly. Every group at one time wanted to read Maurice Hindus' "Humanity Uprooted" and Walter Lippman's "A Preface to Morals." There were several subscriptions to "The Christian Century," "The Child Study Magazine." The same books on dramatics and materials for building services of worship were needed by the Guild and the Church School. Most of the time the books were locked up. The proposal was made to all the groups who were thought to be interested that books be placed in what was called the Board Room, on the nineteenth floor, that they be made available for the use of members of all these groups and other interested members of the church and that some central committee advise on the purchase of books and subscription to magazines until such time as a Church Library Committee might evolve.

The collection in this central library now includes what was the Church School Library, the books of the Parents' Classes and those owned by the Guild. New books are being constantly added as they are needed by Church School groups and as they are donated by individuals. So far the latter designation refers almost exclusively to Doctor Fosdick, who has done a great deal to build up the collection. Most of the books can be borrowed by a simple self-charging device. The room is open for reading or will be opened on request at any time between the opening of the tower in the morning and the closing at night. So far no representative committee has been developed to advise on books; but unwise duplication on the part of the groups purchasing most books has been eliminated.

Most of the members of the church are unaware of the existence of this embryonic but rapidly developing library and this article is presented in the hope that making these books available may become an increasingly significant service.

The magazines on file include: The Christian Century, The World Tomorrow,

Religious Education, The Journal of Religious Education, The New Era, Adult Education, Natural History, The National Geographic, The Survey, The Federal Council Bulletin, The Drama Magazine, The Child Study and The Parents' Magazine.

A random sampling of the newer books includes:

The Young Man in Business, *by Davis.*

John Calvin, *by Hawkins.*

Piloting Modern Youth, *by Sadler.*

Twenty-one, *by Erdman Harris.*

Man's Own Show: Civilization, *by Dorsey.*

The Challenge of the East, *by Eddy.*

A Life of Jesus, *by Mathews.*

Impressions of Soviet Russia, *by Dewey.*

Stormers of Heaven, *by Freehof.*

Love in the Machine Age, *by Dell.*

The Enduring Quest, *by Overstreet.*

Religious Realism, *by Macintosh.*

Studies in Religious Education, *by Lotz and Crawford.*

Jesus Came Preaching, *by Buttrick.*

What Life Should Mean to You, *by Adler.*

Children's Behavior Problems, *by Acheson.*

The Meaning of the Incarnation

(*Continued from page* 289)

central flame and that it was real Christianity.

Nothing could be much more unlivable than a room hung round with empty picture frames. Every abstract idea is simply an empty picture frame. Christ put pictures into them. The idea of God is an empty picture frame. He put a picture into it; that quality of spirit is divine. The idea of duty is an empty picture frame. He put a picture into it; that way of living is ideal. The hope of a redeemed society is an empty picture frame. He put content into it, to bring the social relationships of men under the dominion of his unselfishness; that is the kingdom that we seek. He impersonated what we believe in, what we ought to become, what we are working for, and saved us from the dryness and barrenness of abstractions to the joy of living incarnations. It was not a Christian but a loyal Jew who said, " 'For the sake of Jesus.' Of what fine lives and deaths has not this motive been the spring and the sustainment!"

If you wish a parable that sums this up, look out across our world this Christmas time. How selfish we all are—all too careless often of our friends and thoughtless of the underprivileged and the unfortunate! How niggardly and ungenerous we can be! —and yet when Christmas comes the meanest of us feels the spirit that steals across the world. Some distant echo from angels singing of good-will reaches the dullest ears. It is not that the day compels us to generosity; it charms us. We all love to be more lovable at Christmas time. What a life it must have been, whose birthday so fascinates the world from selfishness to generosity! Jesus has made goodness charming. We do not yet see all things controlled by man's spiritual life. Far from it! What we do see is that glorious personality, and some others, too, who have followed in his steps.

PRAYER

Eternal God our Father, lift us up, we beseech Thee, above the show of things and the outward forms of our festivity into its spirit, and grant us the quality of Christ. We pray for his name's sake. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on December 21, 1930.

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Christmas

On the first page of this issue we find a friendly Christmas greeting from the ministers and members of the staff of The Riverside Church to all the members of our Church family and to our friends everywhere. A few pages farther on we announce the appearance of a handbook featuring the church as an institution and telling the story of the architecture and symbolism. In a way this book marks the close of a distinct chapter in the project we are living with here. It talks about the building as a finished thing; that which for years we have lived with as a slowly unfolding dream now has an address, has become a reality.

We recall another Christmas season, that of 1928, in which we saw a great conflagration take place here. Vividly now we can see in our mind's eye the ruined tracery of rose windows, the cracked and broken sculptured stone of the pillars, the twisted steel, the stark nakedness of what looked like an impossible ruin. From such material chaos has risen this building which already we love as our church home.

May this experience be for us all a metaphor of what can come out of ruin, or near ruin, and may we this Christmas be able to look beyond distress to some other Christmas when by ways of courage, understanding and faith a better world has risen.

As a church we are looking forward to other Christmas seasons also. We are thinking ahead to the years when the Riverside Church, so new now, shall have built itself again—not in limestone, steel, and wood, but in influence and service through the people who are now living here; particularly through the little children whose daily presence is a prophetic benediction upon our hope.